MARVEL

SPIDER-MAN®/DEADPOOL® #19

CORIN • ROBSON • BOYD

HEY, WEBS. YOU LIKE COMEDY, RIGHT?

WHAT KIND OF QUESTION IS THAT? I DON'T LIKE COMEDY...

I *LOVE* IT!!!

I JUST GAVE YOU A PRIME EXAMPLE OF COMEDY, RIGHT THERE. NOTHING LIKE A MISDIRECT TO GET THE LAUGHS FLOWING.

SPARE ME YOUR DAD JOKES. THAT WAS PITIFUL. YOU DON'T HAVE A SINGLE FUNNY BONE IN YOUR BODY.

ARE YOU INSANE? I DO TOO HAVE A FUNNY BONE. *ALL* OF MY BONES ARE FUNNY.

DON'T BE CRASS. THAT'S MORE *MY* SPEED. DOESN'T SOUND RIGHT, COMING FROM YOU.

NOTHING FUNNY WILL SOUND RIGHT COMING FROM ME, BECAUSE, AS YOU MIGHT HAVE NOTICED ON OUR LOVELY COVER, WE'RE GOING TO BE SWEARING OFF JOKES *ONCE AND FOR ALL!!!*

FOR *THIS* ISSUE, AT LEAST, WHICH HAS BEEN WRITTEN BY *JOSHUA CORIN*, DRAWN BY *WILL ROBSON*, AND COLORED BY *JORDAN BOYD*.

WELL SAID, WEBS. I WANTED TO BRING OUR READERS UP TO SPEED ON *SLAPSTICK*, THOUGH.

YOU MEAN PHYSICAL-BASED COMEDY THAT ORIGINATED FROM THE 16TH-CENTURY STYLE OF THEATRE KNOWN AS *COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE* AND POPULARIZED BY SUCH ILK AS THE MARX BROTHERS AND THE THREE STOOGES, RELYING HEAVILY ON THE HUMOR OF GETTING HIT, GETTING HURT AND FALLING DOWN?

WELL, I WAS ACTUALLY THINKING OF *STEVEN HARMON*, A CARNY WHO TOOK A WRONG TURN IN A FUN HOUSE AND GOT TURNED INTO A LIVING *CARTOON CHARACTER*... BUT LET'S GO WITH WHAT YOU SAID! IT SOUNDED HELLA SMART.

WOW. THANKS, DEADPOOL! IT'S SUPER NICE OF YOU TO ACKNOWLEDGE MY--

I BETTER NOT FIND WIKIPEDIA'S ARTICLE ON SLAPSTICK COMEDY WHEN I CHECK YOUR BROWSER HISTORY!

EMCZKIG! + JASON!!

NO LAUGHING MATTER

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NO, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT DINNER, AUNT MAY. I'M ON MY WAY! I'VE *ALREADY* LEFT THE OFFICE!

NO, I SWE--

PETER PARKER!

UH, AUNT MAY, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CALL YOU BACK.

MS. COLON. HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

CUT THE CRAP, MR. PARKER. YOU'VE BEEN DODGING MY PHONE CALLS AND EMAILS FOR A *WEEK*. YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW WHY? YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW MY OWN *REPUTATION?*

WELL, YOU CAN *RELAX*, BECAUSE I'M NOT LOOKING TO BUY THE BAXTER BUILDING OUT FROM UNDER YOU AND TURN IT INTO LUXURY CONDOS.

WHAT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT TODAY, PARKER, IS PERSONAL. GET IN MY CAR.

UM...

IF I WANTED TO *ABDUCT* YOU, PARKER, DO YOU THINK I'D DO IT *MYSELF* IN *BROAD DAYLIGHT?*

THIS CAN'T TAKE LONG, MS. COLON. I HAVE SOMEWHERE TO BE.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL BE BRIEF.

DO YOU REMEMBER SPIDER-MAN'S FIRST FIGHT WITH THE *VULTURE?*

WHY WOULD...?

BECAUSE YOU WERE *THERE*. YOU WERE A PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE *DAILY BUGLE*.

RING ANY BELLS *NOW*, PARKER?

I MEAN, I *GUESS* I WAS THERE--THAT *IS* MY NAME IN THE PHOTO CREDIT-- BUT WE'RE TALKING YEARS AGO. WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT--

MY HUSBAND, *FERRARO*, IS WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT. HE WAS THERE, TOO.

AND IN THE CHAOS OF THESE TWO *COSTUMED BUFFOONS* FIGHTING, SOME TERRIFIED CIVILIAN *HIT* MY HUSBAND WITH THEIR CAR AND *KILLED* HIM.

DAILY BUGLE

SPIDER-MENACE AND VULTURE TERRORIZE MANHATTAN

OH, NO. NO...

TELL ME WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP.

I JUST WANT TO SEE YOUR NEGATIVES FROM THAT NIGHT. ***PLEASE.***

MY NEGATIVES?

MR. PARKER, IT'S POSSIBLE THAT YOU TOOK A PICTURE OF MY HUSBAND'S LAST MOMENTS ALIVE.

I...I DON'T HAVE THEM. IF THEY EVEN STILL EXIST, THEY'RE LOCKED UP AT THE BUGLE'S ARCHIVES IN JERSEY...

DAILY BUGLE

SPIDER-MENACE AND YUL TUR

I STILL HAVE SOME CONTACTS AT THE *BUGLE.* I PROMISE YOU THAT I WILL DO ***EVERYTHING*** IN MY POWER TO GET YOU THOSE NEGATIVES.

AND I AM SO, SO SORRY FOR WHAT HAPPENED...

THANK YOU.

YOU KNOW, IT'S FUNNY. IT WAS ONLY LAST WEEK I LEARNED YOU USED TO BE A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER.

MY LAWYERS WERE PUTTING TOGETHER A PROFILE ON YOU AND I SAW THEIR NOTATION AND I TOOK OUT THIS OLD *DAILY BUGLE,* WHICH I'VE LOOKED AT THOUSANDS OF TIMES, AND THERE WAS YOUR NAME.

WHY WERE YOUR LAWYERS PUTTING TOGETHER A PROFILE ON ME?

BECAUSE THE BAXTER BUILDING WOULD MAKE A ***FANTASTIC*** LOCATION FOR SOME LUXURY CONDOS.

UNCLE BEN... GWEN STACY... AND NOW FERRARO COLON--DEAD BECAUSE OF ***ME.***

KNOWING JAMESON, THOSE ARCHIVES ARE COVERED IN SO MUCH RED TAPE THAT IT'LL TAKE ***MONTHS*** TO ACCESS THEM.

PETER PARKER'S NOT THE MAN WHO CAN HELP YOU, MS. COLON...

"...BUT SPIDER-MAN CAN!"

I FEEL TERRIBLE ABOUT CANCELING, AUNT MAY, BUT SOMETHING'S COME UP AT THE OFFICE...

...PEOPLE ARE *DEPENDING* ON ME...

THANK YOU FOR UNDERSTANDING, AUNT MAY. I WILL MAKE IT UP TO YOU. *I PROMISE.*

THERE HAS TO BE A FASTER WAY TO NEW JERSEY!

(SAID NO ONE EVER.)

HMM... THERE'S ALWAYS THE *FERRY...*

COME ON, HONEY. LET ME SHOW YOU MY STOCK OPTIONS.

I SAID LET GO OF ME!

MIND IF I...

...CUT IN?

DON'T WORRY, MISS. YOU'RE OKAY. I CAN "*DISARM*" HIM--IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

WHAT I MEAN IS CHOP HIS ARM OFF.

I HAVE A REALLY SHARP SWORD.

GAHHHHHH!

OR I COULD SHOOT HIM. TODAY I LOADED THE ***GOOD*** BULLETS!

ACTUALLY THEY'RE ***RUBBER*** BULLETS, AND I'M GOING TO ***BOUNCE*** THEM OFF YOUR-- *AHHHHHH!*

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

AW, IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LAUGH *WITH* ME, THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS LAUGH *AT* ME.

SPIDEY? BUDDY?

DEADPOOL, YOU WERE ABOUT TO *SHOOT* A MAN!

WITH *RUBBER* BULLETS! I LIKE HOW THEY GO *BOING.*

AND NOW YOU'RE *JOKING* ABOUT IT!

THAT'S JUST OUR SCHTICK! DEADPOOL AND SPIDER-MAN! WE WEAR SCARLET SPANX AND WE QUIP WISE AT OUR DASTARDLY FOES!

TELL HIM. YOU ALL KNOW I'M RIGHT.

SPIDEY! HOW'S IT HANGING?

AND BY "IT", I MEAN ME.

BY THE WAY-- HANGING UPSIDE DOWN LIKE THIS, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE NO EYES AND TWO REAL BIG COLD SORES ON YOUR CHIN. YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET THOSE LOOKED AT.

BUT DO YOU EVER STOP AND THINK--

--THAT MAYBE WE'RE BEING *INSENSITIVE?*

NO.

THAT'S WHO WE ARE! WE *CHORTLE* IN THE FACE OF DEATH.

BUT THAT'S THE THING. PEOPLE *DO* DIE. *INNOCENT* PEOPLE. AND MAYBE IF WE FOCUSED LESS ON BEING CLEVER, WE'D SAVE *MORE* OF THEM.

SO YOU THINK WE SHOULD BE *MORE* SERIOUS?

MAYBE.

AND *THIS* ISN'T A JOKE?

NO!!!

FROM NOW ON, I'M TAKING THIS *SERIOUSLY.* I HAVE TO GO.

OH, ME TOO. IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS HEADING TO NEW JERSEY FOR MY HEALTH.

SORRY. I FORGOT. NO MORE MAKING FUN. EVEN IF IT *IS* NEW JERSEY.

UGH. THIS IS GOING TO BE HARD.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GOT GOING ON IN NEW JERSEY?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK...

"I'VE BEEN HIRED TO 'BORROW' SOME NEGATIVES FROM THE *DAILY BUGLE* ARCHIVES. THEY'VE GOT THEM LOCKED UP IN A WAREHOUSE IN--"

"***HOBOKEN.*** I KNOW. I'M ACTUALLY ON MY WAY THERE RIGHT NOW, TOO."

"AWESOME! THIS HAS ***TEAM-UP*** WRITTEN ALL OVER IT! OR AT LEAST IT WILL WHEN THEY PRINT THE COVER FOR THIS ISSUE!

"RIGHT. SORRY. I ***CAN*** BE SERIOUS. I ***WILL*** BE SERIOUS.

"...

"I THINK MY MOUTH'S GOING TO EXPLODE."

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE GOT HERE FIRST AND BEAT THEM WITH A... LARGE RUBBER CHICKEN?

SO VALERIA COLON HIRED ME ***AND*** SHE HIRED YOU ***AND*** SHE HIRED SOMEONE ELSE? THAT'S NOT COOL.

SHE DIDN'T HIRE ME. I'M HERE MORE AS A...MORAL OBLIGATION.

ALL THIS FOR SOME OLD PICTURES? ***I'VE*** GOT OLD PICTURES. YOU THINK I SHOULD TRY TO SELL THEM? ALTHOUGH I PROBABLY SHOULD ATTACH A WARNING LABEL FIRST SO--

WADE...

I'M BEING ***SERIOUS!*** THINK OF THE ***CHILDREN!***

I THINK WHOEVER DID THIS IS STILL HERE. WE HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF FINDING THEM IF WE SPLIT UP.

AYE, AYE...ERR, I MEAN... OKAY.

IF I'M GOING TO BE SERIOUS FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO NEED A NEW ***GIMMICK***, LIKE A GNARLY EYEPATCH, OR A FAKE LIMP, OR A TALKING CHIA PET.

OR ***MAYBE*** I'LL HAVE NO QUIRK AT ALL! I'LL BE THE MERC WITH NO QUIRK.

HMM. DOESN'T QUITE HAVE THE SAME RING TO IT.

BUT SPIDEY HAS A POINT. A LOT OF GOOD PEOPLE HAVE GOTTEN HURT ON MY WATCH.

I OWE IT TO THEM TO BE BETTER.

I OWE IT TO MY DAUGHTER.

I OWE IT TO--

SURPRISE, SUCKER!

WHAM-O!!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE, DEADPOOL, BUT I'VE BEEN *WAITING* FOR THIS FOR A *LONG TIME.*

HEY, *SLAPSTICK.* WHAT'S NEW?

HOW DO I *HATE* THEE? LET ME COUNT THE WAYS...

YOU... KNOW HOW TO COUNT?

YOU THINK YOU'RE *SO* COOL BECAUSE YOU HAVE THE WORD *"DEAD"* IN YOUR NAME. I COULD HAVE THE WORD *"DEAD"* IN MY NAME! I COULD BE *"DEAD STICK"!*

SOUNDS LIKE THE WORLD'S...WORST... DEODORANT...

I'M GOING TO MASH YOUR BONES INTO *SOUP* AND THEN I'M GOING TO POUR YOU INTO A *DOZEN CANS* AND I'M GOING TO BURY YOU IN A *DOZEN HOLES* IN MY BACKYARD!

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN HEAL FROM *THAT,* DEADPOOL!

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN...

THWIP!

OH, CRAP.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS YOU, *SLAPSTICK!* NO ONE ELSE BEATS PEOPLE UNCONSCIOUS WITH A *RUBBER CHICKEN.*

NO! NOT GERTIE! SHE'S MY SUBSTITUTE FOR MY MISSING DINGUS!

TOO BAD.

I'LL SHOW YOU...

HI-YAH!

WHEE

ARE YOU DONE YET?

NO FAIR!

THUD

YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE?

UMM... NO?

OH... INTERROGATION TIME! I *LOVE* INTERROGATION TIME! HOLD ON...

LET ME GUESS. SOMEONE HIRED YOU TO STEAL A SET OF NEGATIVES.

WAIT-- HOW DID YOU KNOW?

DO YOU HAVE THEM?

MAYBE.

CAN WE SEE THEM?

HECK NO!

TRY AGAIN, SLAPSTICK.

KA-CLICK

OKAY, OKAY. YOU WANT THE NEGATIVES? THEY'RE IN MY PANTS. YOU CAN EITHER LET ME GO OR YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THEM YOURSELVES.

I KNOW YOU'RE TRYING TO TAKE THINGS MORE SERIOUSLY, WEBS...BUT I DON'T THINK WE HAVE A CHOICE, HERE.

BEST TWO OUT OF THREE?

WE REALLY PICKED THE WRONG DAY TO SWEAR OFF COMEDY.

JUST BE CAREFUL.

HOW MUCH *JUNK* HAVE YOU GOT IN THERE?!

I'D TRADE IT ALL FOR THE ONLY *JUNK* THAT MATTERS...

I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS MORE HUMILIATING--THE FACT THAT DEADPOOL IS ROOTING AROUND IN MY NETHER REGIONS OR THE FACT THAT THOSE MOBSTERS DIDN'T TRUST JUST ME TO DO A SIMPLE JOB LIKE THIS.

I GOT IT!

WAIT. WHAT MOBSTERS?

THE ONES WHO HIRED ME. WHY? WHO HIRED *YOU?*

THAT DOESN'T MATTER. WHERE WERE YOU SUPPOSED TO HAND OVER THE NEGATIVES?

"ELYSIAN PARK. IN HOBOKEN."

YOU GOT THE GOODS, *BABOSO?*

SORTA...

WAS THAT A *QUIP* I JUST HEARD?

WE'RE THE GOODS.

JUST STATING THE OBVIOUS.

YOU KNOW, FOR A GUY WITHOUT A *DINGUS*, SLAPSTICK, YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO *ACT LIKE ONE!*

I'M LITERALLY BITING MY TONGUE.

LET'S JUST MAKE THIS QUICK.

NOW YOU DIE!

NOT TODAY!

SAY GOODN--

ARGH! IT *IS* DIFFICULT NOT TO BANTER!

TOLDYASO!

AHHH!

SMACK

BAM

HAND OVER THE NEGATIVES, FREAK!

YOU HAND OVER THE NEGATIVES, FREAK!

OKAY, OKAY! YOU WIN!

WHO DO YOU WORK FOR?

EL TENOR.

WHO?!

WHAM

EL TENOR IS, LIKE, THIS *LEGENDARY* NEW JERSEY MOBSTER.

IF HE'S SO LEGENDARY, WHY HAVEN'T *I* HEARD OF HIM?

BECAUSE HE'S LEGENDARY IN ***NEW JERSEY.***

AND WHAT WOULD THIS *"LEGENDARY"* NEW JERSEY MOBSTER WANT WITH THE NEGATIVES? HOW WOULD HE EVEN ***KNOW*** ABOUT THEM?

YOU HEARD THE MAN! WHAT DOES *EL TENOR* WANT WITH THE NEGATIVES?

I DON'T KNOW! I SWEAR!

DEADPOOL, ENOUGH.

OH, COME ON. FIRST YOU LIMIT MY ***GRATUITOUS LANGUAGE*** AND THEN YOU LIMIT MY ***GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE?!***

A WHILE AGO YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO LIMIT YOUR VIOLENCE!

ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS ME?

WHAM

WE'RE TRYING SOMETHING NEW. TO MAKE UP FOR OUR MISTAKES. REMEMBER?

YEAH. OKAY.

DON'T YOU DARE, SLAPSTICK.

HEY, I DIDN'T MAKE ANY CRAZY VOW TO LIMIT ***MY*** VIOLENCE!

IT'S CALLED HAVING A CONSCIENCE.

DO I ***LOOK*** LIKE I HAVE A CONSCIENCE?!

SLAPSTICK, C'MON.

POOF POOF POOF

YOU MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE.

YEAH, YEAH. IT'S PAST MY CURFEW ANYWAY.

HOW OLD *ARE* YOU?

I'LL ASK ONE MORE TIME. WHY DOES *EL TENOR* WANT THE NEGATIVES?

I DON'T KNOW, MAN! I JUST DO WHAT I'M TOLD!

WHERE IS *EL TENOR* NOW?

I'LL *DIE* BEFORE I TELL YOU ANYTHING!

UH, WHY DO YOU HAVE AN EXCLAMATION POINT FLOATING ABOVE YOUR HEAD?

BECAUSE HE'S GOT AN IDEA. WHAT'S YOUR IDEA, SLAPSTICK?

EL TENOR RUNS THIS CUBAN DIVE BAR DOWNTOWN. WORD IS HE TENDS TO SHOW UP AFTER MIDNIGHT.

WANT TO MEET US THERE IN A FEW HOURS SO WE CAN END THIS TOGETHER?

YOU GOT IT.

WHERE TO NOW? SINCE WE'RE ALREADY IN JERSEY, I KNOW THIS WONDERFUL SLEAZY--

NO! SERIOUS TIME. WHAT'S OUR NEXT STOP, WEBS?

BACK TO NEW YORK, WADE. WE'VE GOT A ***JOB*** TO FINISH.

SO THIS IS WHERE VALERIA COLON LIVES. FANCY.

DIDN'T YOU SAY SHE HIRED YOU?

SHE USED MY APP.

YOU HAVE AN APP?

DO YOU WANT TO SEE IT?

IT'S GOT EXPLOSIONS.

NO, THANKS.

EVERYBODY LIKES EXPLOSIONS.

I ASSUME SHE'S AWAKE...

ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...

WADE, NO!

EVERYBODY LIKES EXPLOSIONS!

KA-BOOM

I DON'T THINK I LIKE EXPLOSIONS ANYMORE!

HEY, AT LEAST SHE'S AWAKE NOW.

SHUT UP, WADE.

THE REASON WE'RE HERE...

OH, I KNOW WHY THE ***MERCENARY*** IS HERE. I DON'T KNOW WHY ***YOU'RE*** HERE, SPIDER-MAN.

PETER PARKER TOLD ME EVERYTHING-- ABOUT THAT TIME I FACED DOWN THE VULTURE AND WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HUSBAND...

I WAS TRYING TO HELP PARKER LOCATE THE NEGATIVES WHEN I CAUGHT UP WITH DEADPOOL, WHO HAD ALREADY FOUND THEM. I CAME HERE WITH HIM TO TELL YOU HOW ***SORRY*** I AM. IF I COULD GO BACK--

LISTEN TO THIS GUY. SUCH A MENSCH. HE'S NOT EVEN GOING TO ASK FOR HALF OF WHAT YOU OWE ME EVEN THOUGH HE'S MY PARTNER. HE DOES HIS THING ***OUT OF KINDNESS***. CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

OUT OF KINDNESS, YOU SAY?

WAS IT ***OUT OF KINDNESS*** THAT YOU HARASSED THIS CITY FOR YEARS?

WAS IT ***OUT OF KINDNESS*** THAT YOU ALLOWED THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY TO PANIC?

WAS IT ***OUT OF KINDNESS*** THAT YOU LET MY HUSBAND FERRARO DIE?

YOU SAY ***KINDNESS*** BUT I SAY ***NEGLIGENCE!*** I SAY ***IRRESPONSIBILITY!***

LET ME JUST SAY AGAIN, FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART, THAT I AM TRULY ***SORRY*** FOR--

JUST HAND OVER THE NEGATIVES.

WHAT?!

IS THIS SOME KIND OF ***SICK JOKE?!***

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? LET ME SEE...

SLAPSTICK.

A TASTE CUBA

♪WHISTLES♫

EL TENOR, AM I RIGHT?

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, FELLAS. SORRY ABOUT EARLIER.

YOU GOT THE NEGATIVES?

THAT DEPENDS. YOU GOT THE CASH?

IT'S ALL IN HERE, AS WE DISCUSSED.

PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU.

OH, CR--

PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU, TOO.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A ***SHAME*** IF THESE HAD ENDED UP IN ***MY WIFE'S*** HANDS.

TO BE CONTINUED!

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

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ZONE